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- ART. V.—1. *A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in 1851.*  
By SIR FRANCIS HEAD, Author of “Bubbles from the  
Brunnen of Nassau.” New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852.  
12mo. pp. 495.
2. *Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles.* New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 264.
3. *Claret and Olives; from the Garonne to the Rhone.* By  
ANGUS B. REACH. New York: G. P. Putnam.

WE have upon our table half a dozen books describing recent travels in Europe, or a residence in some of its cities. None of them are absolutely intolerable, and a moiety, at least, by their vivacity, and the solid information given in them, sufficiently demonstrate that the field, which has been worked so long, is by no means yet exhausted. The world was never half so well known as it is at present; yet curiosity was never more keen. Wherever there are men and the works of men, there will be something worth the seeing and the telling. What is wanted is the intelligent eye and the comprehending mind. With these, Europe, even in its best known portions, — through the changing scenes of its actual life, the progress of its arts, the condition of its people, and its pleasing or sorrowful memories, — is still fresh and inexhaustible.

Foremost in our list, we have placed that veteran traveller and sight-seer, Sir Francis Head. If Sir Francis knew how much we admire his books, we almost think (though that is saying much) that his feelings towards the American Republic would become somewhat gentler and kinder. His political opinions do not come near enough to annoy us, while we enjoy, with a keen relish, the felicity of his descriptions, and the humor, grace, and vigor of his style. Nay, more, we have travelled so often and so far with him, as to have formed a kind of personal attachment, which, we trust, may not be disturbed. From the delightful “Bubbles from the Brunnen,” with its quaint, half deprecatory motto — “Bubble, (bobbel, *Dutch*) any thing which wants solidity and firmness. (*John-*

*son's Dictionary*,")—down to the "Faggot," and including the more recent work on Ireland, we find everywhere the same freshness, the same vividness of narration, and the same good sense. The "Bubbles" are not altogether empty and fragile; the Faggot is not wholly composed of dry and crooked sticks.

One of the chief sources of pleasure in the present book, is the admirable manner in which the author daguerreotypes the scenes of the gay capital. He is specific and exact. Objects great and small, every thing within the limits of his picture, is painted as if by the sun. Whether it be Louis Napoleon attending High Mass at the Hôtel des Invalides, or the killing of a poor horse or a fat pig, the Gardens of the Tuileries, or the Mont de Piété, the glories of the Madeleine, or the disgusting horrors of the Morgue, the pencil is equally faithful. We have here the actual life of Paris in the year 1851, so far as a busy and observing man could see it in three weeks. The facts are often homely, but they are valuable as the material for opinions. What would we not give for a picture, equally thorough and impartial, of Paris under Charles IX. or Henry IV.! Travellers often mistake in supposing nothing to be worthy of description but the grand, the solemn, and the unusual. It is rather the common and the lowly that we are most ignorant of, and desire most to know;—how the people live, their habits, occupations, the subject of their thoughts, their amusements, their education, their morality. All these things are given, both by Sir Francis and the anonymous American; and, what is important to observe, in neither case are they taken indiscriminately, or without a plan. The facts selected are characteristic, and are grouped so as to illustrate the dispositions and pursuits of the people. Our countryman evidently sees with his own eyes, and speaks without reserve. We shall give a few extracts from his compact and amusing volume; but our first duty is with the "Faggot."

Sir Francis tells us, that, having provided himself with a few letters of introduction, which, however, he did not use, he left London *en route* for Paris, on the evening of the 29th of April, A. D. 1851. At eleven o'clock the same night, he was "dead and buried," (that is, dead to the world, and buried in

feathers), at Dover; at five o'clock the next morning, he took the steam-packet to cross the Channel; at six o'clock and forty-five minutes, he was in Calais, and towards evening, the sun yet two or three hours high above the western horizon, he took his place, with great satisfaction, at the *table d'hôte* of Meurice's Hotel, at Paris. That very evening he began his survey of the strange and pleasant sights of the great toy-shop and museum, Paris; and for three weeks, excepting when the prescriptions of a celebrated oculist kept him confined to his room, which was for a few hours daily, did not cease prying into all the strange nooks and corners of the place, taking notes, observing with a keen and practised eye, setting down distances and numbers with mathematical accuracy;—in short, with most commendable diligence, which must have made his three weeks any thing but a mere recreation, gathered and arranged this Faggot, "to enliven for a few moments an English fireside."

In making a selection of topics for his light sketches, he covers a broad field; but there are two or three which evidently draw out his affections, and there are some whose omission is a little singular. It is the outward and visible objects which he most carefully inquires about, hardly ever the moral character or condition, the state of popular education, or of popular literature, although these we suppose to be peculiarly necessary in enabling us to estimate the character of the French with fairness. He looks with most interest to the state of the army, the operation of the railroads, and the condition and management of the horses. We cannot tell how many short, little, "punchy" horses attracted his attention. His very first "stroll" was to the "General Association of Omnibusses," whose magnificent stables he carefully describes, and the history of whose inmates he follows, till, worn out and good for nothing else, they are given to the *Équarisseur*, and are slaughtered. Of the railways, he describes, with much minuteness, the Great Northern, and that leading to Lyons; while, as respects the army and matters connected with it, he devotes a chapter each to the Hôtel des Invalides, Military Models, the Musée de l'Artillerie, École Polytechnique, École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées, Les Casernes, École Spé-

cialle Militaire de St. Cyr, École d'État Major, and a grand military review held by Louis Napoleon; nor can we name the book which contains information on these topics, so minute and so trustworthy.

The prevailing opinion respecting all that he saw, from the President of the late Republic, down to the *chiffonnier* clawing open with his stick the heaps of refuse in the street, is one of satisfaction and pleasure. He only once or twice met with a disagreeable incident, or found a condition of things to provoke a censure. The order, regularity, and certainty with which every ordinary matter pertaining to social life is conducted, the scientific exactness of all public arrangements, the efficiency of the police, the drill, the discipline, and gymnastic expertness of the soldiers, the cleanly, and, so far as possible, merciful routine of the *abattoirs*,—every thing, in fact, that public law or police regulation can touch, seems worthy of the praise so frankly bestowed. One great evil, however, now no more, comes in for censure, direct or implied, wherever seen; namely, *the Republic*, with its obtrusive symbols, and its “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity” flaunting on flags raised alike upon churches, prisons, and cemeteries. For this there is everywhere a sarcasm. It is only “thirty dyers, with black faces, throats, and hands, with bent knees, bent elbows, bent backs, large, round, open eyes, and protruding chins, in attitude like tall, zinc, crooked chimney-pots,” that shout, when the President is going to the review, “*Vive la République*,” and even they are hired to do so. The others shout *Vive Napoleon*. The Republic was only “provisional,” and they have now “changed all that.” But our author wrote in 1851, six months and more before the *Coup d'État*. Louis Napoleon receives ample justice from him, if justice means unqualified respect and praise. He is evidently the man for the times, the man for France,—cool, sagacious, silent, observing, religious, patriotic. There is an apology even (we must confess it sounds rather droll) for universal suffrage in his favor, since it is an appeal from the corrupted few to the honest, patriotic, upright many. The admission of a possible good from so bad a source, is justified only as an extreme exception, to be allowed once, and thenceforth to be never

heard of. Sitting astride the wall of Père la Chaise, where the little Jews' burying-ground lies separate from the great and common cemetery, he goes off into a protest against the policy of allowing the Jews a seat in parliament; and flying along the rails towards England, he cannot help indulging a few last flings against America and republics in general, extended suffrage and voting by ballot. He is "true blue" to the last, and only seemed for a moment to veer round when the voting which pleased him was really an abnegation of freedom.

But, as we said before, these political opinions, heartily entertained, do not disturb the pleasure with which we read the book; and we hasten to give, all that our space will allow, an extract or two as a specimen of the whole. In order to give an idea of the odd subjects touched upon, as well as to present pictures from the two extremes of animal and intellectual life, we will select from the chapters entitled "*Abattoir des Cochons*," and "The National Assembly." The *Abattoir* is situated beyond the Barrière de Montmartre, and is inclosed within a high wall, forming a square of about 450 feet a side. On entering within this outer wall, our author found himself repulsed by the guardian of the establishment, who announced to him that it was at present the property of a private company, and no one could be admitted without an order. A skilful and eloquent statement of the case, and especially, an appeal to the fact that he was a stranger, effectually touched the heart of the "*chef*," who forthwith conducted him into the interior.

"We now reached a long building, one story high, not at all unlike a set of hunting stables; and on door No. 1 being opened, I saw before me a chamber ventilated like a brewhouse, with a window at each end, and paved with flag-stones, the further half of which was covered with a thick stratum of straw, as sweet, clean, and unstained as if it had just come from the flail of the thresher. Upon this wholesome bed there lay extended, fast asleep, two enormous white hogs, evidently too fat even to dream. They belonged to no political party; had no wants; no cares; no thoughts; no more idea of to-morrow than if they had been dead, smoked, and salted. I never before had an opportunity of seeing any of their species so clearly; for in Eng-

land, if, with bended back and bent knees, an inquisitive man goes to look into that little low dormitory called a sty, the animal, if lean, with a noise between a bark and a grunt, will probably jump over him ; or if fat, he lies so covered up, that the intruder has no space to contemplate him ; whereas, if the two pigs lying before me had been in my own study, I could not have seen them to greater advantage.

“Without disturbing them, my conductor closed the door, and we then entered Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which I found to be equally clean, and in which were lying, in different attitudes, pigs of various sizes, all placidly enjoying the sort of apoplectic slumber I have described. My conductor would kindly have opened the remainder of the doors, but as I had seen sufficient to teach me, what in England will be discredited, namely, that it is possible to have a pigsty without any disagreeable smell, I begged him not to trouble himself by doing so ; and he accordingly was conducting me across the open square when I met several men, each wheeling in a barrow a large jet-black dead pig, the skin of which appeared to be slightly mottled in circles. As they passed me there passed also a slight whiff of smoke ; and I was on the point of asking a few questions on the subject, when I found myself within the great slaughter-house of the establishment, — a large barn, the walls and roof of which were as black as soot. The inside of the door, also black, was lined with iron. The floor was covered for several inches with burnt black straw, and upon it lay, here and there, a large black lump, of the shape of a huge hog, which it really was, covered over with the ashes of the straw that had just been used to burn his coat from his body.

“In vain I looked beneath my feet and around me to discover the exact spots where all this murder had been committed ; but nowhere could I discover a pool, slop, or the smallest vestige of blood, or anything at all resembling it. In short, the whole floor was nothing but a mass of dry, crisp, black, charred remains of burnt straw. It was certainly an odd-looking place ; but no one could have guessed it to be a slaughter-house.

“There was another mystery to be accounted for. In England, when anybody in one’s little village, from the worthy rector at the top of the hill, down to the little ale-house keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no idea of “letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek,” invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the parish — dissenters and all — not only the transaction, but every circumstance relating to it ; and accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking, or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning

visit, *you* know, and *they* know, perfectly well — though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it — the beginning, middle, and end, — in short, the whole progress of the deed ; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig ; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squall out, ‘They have caught me : — they are pulling at me : — they are trying to trip me up : — a fellow is kneeling upon me : — they are going to make what they call pork of me. O dear ! they have done for me !’ (the sound gets weaker) ‘I feel exceedingly unwell ; — I’m getting faint ; — fainter ; — fainter still, — I shan’t be able to squall much longer !’ (a long pause.) ‘This very long little squall is my last, — ’Tis all over, — I am dying — I’m dying — I’m dying : . . . I’m dead !’

“Now, during the short period I had been in the establishment, all the pigs before me had been killed ; and although I had come for no other earthly purpose but to look and listen ; although, ever since I had entered the gate, I had — to confess the truth — expected to hear a squall ; it was surprising I had not heard one ; — I was not only ready, but really anxious, with the fidelity of a shorthand-writer, to have inserted in my notebook, in two lines of treble and bass, the smallest quaver or demisemiquaver that should reach my ears, yet I had not heard the slightest sound of discontent ! However, while I was engrossed with these serious reflections, I heard some footsteps outside ; a man within opened the door slightly, and through the aperture, in trotted, looking a little wild, a large loose pig, whose white, clean, delicate skin, physically as well as morally, formed a striking contrast with the black ruins around him.

“In a few seconds he stopped ; — put his snout down to the charred ground to smell it ; did not seem to like it at all ; — looked around him ; — then, one after another, at the superintendent, at me, and the three men in blouses ; — appeared mistrustful of us all ; — and, not knowing which of us to dislike most, stood as if to keep us all at bay. No sooner, however, had he assumed this theatrical attitude than a man who, with his eyes fixed upon him, had been holding in both hands the extremity of a long thin-handled round wooden mallet, walked up to him from behind, and striking one blow on his forehead, the animal, without making the smallest noise, rolled over on the black, charred dust, senseless, and, excepting a slight convulsive kick of his upper hind leg, motionless. Two assistants immediately stepped forward, one with a knife in his hand, the other with a sort of iron frying-pan, which he put under the pig’s neck ; his throat was then cut ; not a drop of blood was spilled ; but as soon as it had completely ceased



to flow, it was poured from the frying-pan into a pail, where it was stirred by a stick, which caused it to remain fluid." *Fag.* pp. 93 – 95.

This is indeed a *scene* which none but Sir Francis would think of describing, and none but he could describe so well.

We turn now to the Assembly, whose proceedings may prove more interesting. By a private ticket, Sir Francis was ushered early into the *Tribune du Corps Diplomatique*, whence he could easily view the arrangements and proceedings.

"The construction and interior arrangements of the building are so simple and so sensibly adapted for its object, that at a single glance it is easily understood. The house is in the horseshoe form. At the heel end, surrounded, in front, by a small empty space, and on each side by two others, called the '*côté gauche*' and '*côté droit*,' is the platform of the President, on which, elevated about six feet above the floor of the house, appear his desk, an ordinary library writing-table, supported in front by four brass legs, and his elbow-chair, a size larger than that usual in a library. Behind, on the same platform, but about a foot lower, stand, with their backs against the wall, six common, English-looking, mahogany dining-room chairs, with black horse-hair seats; and on the right and left, and about three feet below, a line of eight chairs and desks for secretaries. Beneath, and immediately in front of the President's chair, is the "tribune" or pulpit, from which every member may be required to speak, composed of a very small platform, about three feet above the floor of the house, bounded in front only by a low narrow table, about eight feet long, and about a foot broad, covered with red velvet, which screens and conceals about the lower half of the speaker's person. The remainder of the house, excepting its narrow floor, is composed of eleven tiers of seats, rising, like those of an ancient amphitheatre, one above another, and intersected at right angles by twelve narrow passages, radiating, by twenty steps, upwards from the floor to the hexagonal walls of that portion of the house occupied by members. Each tier, which is two steps higher than that beneath, is subdivided into separate desks, behind each of which is a seat with iron elbows, covered with green cloth, by which arrangement 750 members, whose faces more or less converge upon the tribune, are completely separated one from the other." p. 413.

The members strolled in with their hats on, very much as in our "Houses," and occupied themselves, for some time after the entrance of the Speaker or President, in good-humored and ordinary conversation.

"The house was now very full ; and I was surprised to perceive that, excepting in the upper rows of benches on the left, occupied by the party Rouge, or radicals, there were fewer beards than, on an average, I had been in the habit of meeting in the streets. In a button-hole in the coats of a great many was a slight appearance, about as broad as a piece of bobbin, of a red ribbon.

"Behind the President, on his right and left, on the platform on which he himself sat, and immediately beneath the inscription, '*Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité*,' were two tables, occupied by six clerks, one of whom, in black clothes and a long beard, I repeatedly observed intently mending a long white goose-quill pen ; another, also in black, wore a bright scarlet ribbon ; another a long scarlet one, and also a long yellow one. In front of the President, on his right and left, but below him, appeared, also dressed in black, and seated in chairs, eight secretaries, undecorated.

"The buzz of conversation lasted nearly half an hour ; the floor of the house was covered with members in groups ; and I was admiring the scene, and inwardly wishing its simplicity and sensible arrangements could be copied by the British House of Commons, when three consecutive double rings of the President's little bell were followed by a call, by the black-coated gentlemen with silver-hilted swords, of '*En place! en place!*'

"The President, totally unsupported by any distinction of dress, struck the table with a ruler, and then rang again. At this moment, a man in black, ascending the steps of his platform, brought him, in a white soup-plate, a tumbler full of yellow-looking water, apparently weak lemonade. '*En place! en place!*' resounded from all parts of the house. The President rang again, struck the table again with his ruler, waved it at an unruly member, shook his head violently in disapprobation, and, to my utter astonishment, all of a sudden, and in one single instant, just as if a wasp had stung him, he addressed the house in a state of extraordinary excitement.

"As soon as order was obtained, a member rose from his seat, and said a few words which elicited loud sounds of objection. He instantly fell into an astonishing passion ; shaking his right hand at the Rouge party on the upper benches, who answered him furiously, he became most violently excited, until, suddenly stopping, he sat down in a regular rage.

"The second speaker, who, from the tribune below the President, addressed the house for about ten minutes, spoke with more energy and action than is usual among Englishmen, but with great propriety. As

however, the members throughout the house, leaning towards each other, were all talking — indeed, apparently no one was listening to him — the President, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing with his arms hanging down, and sometimes folding them across his breast, repeatedly tapped hard with his ruler, but in vain. A member, stepping into the tribune, replied for about five minutes; then the first speaker came back and renewed his arguments in favor of inserting in the railway bill (which I now began to understand was the subject of discussion) a clause, insisting on a third-class carriage accompanying every train, as was, he said, the case in England. At this moment, M. Thiers, entering at the door near the speaker, slowly walked up the floor of the house to his desk. His gait was plain, quiet, and easy. He was very short, had a brown face, totally devoid of any other color, and gray, or rather grizzled hair.

“Directly opposite to me were Generals Cavaignac and Lamoricière, who for some time sat talking together. General Cavaignac’s form was tall, elegant, and erect; his hair, cut close all over, was a little bald on the top. He was dressed in a light olive-green coat, buttoned close up, so as to show no shirt. With great apparent affability, he occasionally conversed with several other members; but, whenever he was not talking, he continued, without intermission, whirling his eye-glass very rapidly round the forefinger of his right hand, and then immediately whirling it as rapidly back again.

“The next speaker, on addressing the house from his seat, was interrupted by murmurs from different parts of the house, of ‘*On n’entend pas!*’ A great disturbance and loud cries continued, which forced him to leave his seat and ascend the tribune. The President now appeared to take part in the debate. He called, he ranted, he rang, but no one appeared to hear either him or his bell. At this moment, Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador, entered the ‘Tribune of the President of the Republic,’ and, separated only by a low partition, sat down beside me. I could not help thinking how symbolic the uncontrolled and uncontrollable scene before us was of the extreme difficulties he must occasionally have to encounter.

“As soon as order was restored, or rather, as soon as disorder was satiated, several members — a few from their seats, but principally from the tribune — made short speeches on the various clauses of the bill. On commencing, a glassful of yellow fluid, in a white saucer, was invariably placed at their right hand, on the narrow red velvet table of the tribune, by a servant in a blue coat, red collar, and red waistcoat. Usually, just before they began to speak, they raised it to their lips; in the middle of the speeches they kept sipping it; and on concluding,

as a sort of perquisite, they invariably, on leaving the tribune, swigged off whatever was left, and then, gently licking their lips, and sometimes their mustachios, walked quietly towards their seats. Several, in the course of their speeches, drank two glasses full.

"A young man now ascended the tribune, and, with a superabundance of galvanic-looking action, which really neither explained nor expressed any thing, he opposed, in a short speech, one of the sixty clauses of the bill.

"The next member began his speech from his place. A number of voices instantly called out, '*On n'entend pas !*' on which, with the whole energy of his mind, he gave one great convulsive shrug of his entire person, and then, with great dignity, walked to the tribune.

"In merely explaining that the line he advocated would be more direct from Paris to Cherbourg than the one proposed in the bill, he threw away an extraordinary quantity of action ; and, on reading a long list of cold figures, he gradually became so miraculously excited — he got into such a violent perspiration, and evinced so much activity and gesticulation — that literally I expected to see him jump over the rails of the tribune.

"One of the ministers, M. Leon Faucher, now rose, and, in repelling some accusations which had been made against the Government, spoke with more than English energy, but with great dignity, eloquence, and effect. In the course of his speech, starting up from his seat, close to the wall on the uppermost line of benches on the left, one of the Red Republican members, with his hair almost cut to the quick, with a beard nearly a foot long, and with his right arm diagonally uplifted, suddenly, furiously, and very loudly exclaimed, twice over, alluding, I believe, to some statement in the Government newspaper, '*C'est un calomniateur !*'

"On M. Thiers ascending the tribune a marked and very complimentary silence prevailed. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of his voice, which is not only little, but that little squeaky, he spoke with great ability and effect. Occasionally, his wit caused, from all parts of the house, a joyous laugh (described by the reporters by the word '*hilarité.*') Very frequently, after making an assertion, he interlaced his short arms upon his chest, but almost before the action — 'I pause for a reply !' — was completed, he entirely spoiled its dignity by quickly unfolding them. In the course of his speech, which was not long, to my utter astonishment, I saw him drink off, one after another, three tumblers of the light yellow mixture.

"Something that he said — I could scarcely comprehend a word of it — seemed suddenly to prick very acutely the feelings of the house,

for he was contradicted on all sides. A general conversation took place, and for a few seconds everybody seemed as vigorously employed in making the utmost possible noise, as the fiddlers at a London oratorio, piled above each other up to the ceiling, when they come to the word '*Fortissimo!*'

"Amidst this scene, or rather at the heel end of it, the President, on his platform, sat ringing, — then arose, — then stood beating the table, — then waved his ruler violently at an unruly member, — then shook his left hand quickly in disapprobation, — and then, with both hands uplifted, appeared as if entreating, — but to no purpose whatever.

"Several members now spoke; the House, however, all of a sudden, appeared to be tired; and as the black fingers of each of the three clocks pointed to 6h. 5m., the impatience increased. The Speaker, by bell, by ruler, and by actions of dumb entreaty, endeavored to prevail on the House to allow the speech from the tribune to come to its close. Everybody, however, seemed to object, and their determination reaching its climax, the House, at 6h. 10m., arose, as if by acclamation, and the members, crossing each other in various directions, all walked out." *Faggot*, pp. 416 – 419.

At the risk of extending our extracts too far, we venture upon the description of a peculiar class of functionaries, whose duties, Sir Francis seems, with characteristic diligence and sagacity, to have thoroughly investigated. He noticed, standing at certain street corners, intelligent, respectable-looking men, dressed in a kind of uniform, and bearing upon their breast a brass plate with certain figures and a name. These persons are *commissionnaires*, ready for any service on which any one may please to employ him. They will get you a coach, carry your messages, bring letters and packages, change your furniture, direct you to streets or shops, in short, supply all the information which, as a stranger, you need, and do almost every thing for which you require the services of another. They also act as agents of the police, and are sagacious and trustworthy. Determined to take nothing at second hand, Sir Francis called to his chambers a very respectable member of this corps, and took down, from his own lips, an account of his employments. We give but a small portion of the narration.

"Sir, I black boots; I saw wood; I carry portmanteaus and luggage, and whatever offers itself; I rub the floors of apartments and

stairs;....I beat carpets;....I know how to arrange a room; I make the beds;....I watch a sick person through the night and day; ....I pawn at the Mont de Piété, whatever the public is willing to intrust to me, jewels, chains, watches, gold, or silver. . . .

“Now there is another subject which I will explain to you. When a gentleman has no confidence in his wife, he employs a commissioner to follow her when she goes out alone. Then the gentleman says to the commissioner, ‘Follow that lady; you must tell me in detail every place where she stops: I shall come to your station this evening for an answer.’ Then I say to the gentleman, ‘Sir, Madame stopped in (shrug) — Street, Number — (shrug). Madame remained for half an hour in that house: during that time I walked up and down opposite the carriage-gate on the other side of the street, in order to know when she would leave the street. Madame went to the warehouse for novelties, — Street (shrug), Number —. From thence Madame got into a hackney-carriage, which she stopped in the street on coming out of the warehouse. As for me, I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to follow the carriage. Madame got out of it in — Street, say Number —. Madame sent away the carriage after having paid for it. Madame went into that house, where she remained an hour and a half. On going out of that house, Madame went straight home. Madame returned home at half-past five. I did not see any description of gentleman speak to Madame. In short, Sir, these are all the details and information which I can give you (shrug) for to-day.’ The gentleman says to me, ‘Well done, Commissioner: how much do I owe you?’ I say, ‘Sir, you are generous enough to comprehend how much that commission is worth.’ ‘Here, Commissioner, are two francs. Are you satisfied?’ ‘Yes, Sir, I am satisfied.’ ‘If I want you to-morrow, I will let you know, or I will go to your station myself.’ I say to him, ‘Very well, Sir (shrug), it is all right. I thank you. Good day, Sir’ (shrug). Well (shrug), the next morning the gentleman arrives. ‘Tell me Commissioner, can you do the same commission for me that you did yesterday? you understand? Come with me; you will keep yourself opposite my carriage-gate; when a lady comes out—a little brunette—she is to come in half an hour; she has a gown of Tartan silk, a green bonnet, and a large shawl, with a blue ground and red flowers—you will follow her. Keep yourself at a distance, some way off, so that she may not suspect that you follow her; bring me back a very exact account; you must tell me wherever she has stopped, the name of the street, and the number of the house, of all the houses where she may stop. I shall come and get your answer here at your station this evening at (shrug) seven o’clock.’

"It is now seven o'clock. 'Sir I have done your commission very exactly. On leaving her house, Madame stopped on the Boulevard, at a shoemaker's shop. Madame stayed there fifteen minutes; from there Madame went to —— Street, Number ——; Madame stayed two hours in that house; from thence Madame came out; she went to the Garden of the Tuileries; Madame was talking there for half an hour with a gentleman, well dressed, not very tall, of a dark complexion; a gentleman who may be about eight-and-thirty; this gentleman wears mustaches. From thence Madame parted from this gentleman; she returned home to her own house at (shrug) half-past six. This is all the tour that Madame has made to-day.'

"Sometimes a lady in the same way makes me follow her husband, whom I know. In order that this gentleman may not recognize me, I dress myself decently like a citizen. My comrade, opposite, once followed a gentleman for ten days, at the rate of six francs a-day: in those ten days he was not able to discover or find out any thing!" *Faggot*, pp. 208–210.

With an eye equally keen, and a purpose equally honest, with a candor which will not refuse its reward to merit, and a satire none the less effective because concealed under a gay and careless exterior, the book of our American author presents to us scenes of still deeper import. It is hardly necessary to say, that, in comparison with the accomplished author of the "*Faggot*," his narrative lacks gracefulness, neatness, and distinctness. Things are sometimes so jumbled together that the vividness of impression is quite lost, and one not already familiar with the scenes or events might not understand them at all. Still, as we shall show, some of the subjects towards which he directed his attention are among the gravest and most important which can concern any people.

One of the first things which strikes an American traveller to France, is the care taken of him by the government, the delivery and exchange of his passports, the necessity of constantly registering his whereabouts, and of applying, in due season, for permission to leave the city or country. Another thing of which he will hear something, but, if quiet and well-behaved, may feel nothing, is the power of the police. Stories of their watchfulness, we think, are not often much exaggerated, nor are their functions less important under the Empire than under the Republic. Still further east, in some of the

cities of Germany and Austria, we have reason to believe that, of late, and especially since the advent of M. Kossuth, they are more exacting, and systematically more annoying to Americans than ever; a deliberate purpose seeming to be, to keep such troublesome material out of their limits. As we have given from Sir Francis some account of the "*Commissioner*," we give our American's account of the Police.

"When a newly arrived American is informed that all his movements are known to the police, that there is nothing he can do, and scarcely any thing he can say or think, but what he will find duly chronicled in its records, he looks incredulous. Nevertheless, it is in the main true. The first care of the police is to ascertain the nation and occupation of the stranger, his business and general habits. If these are satisfactory, he is subject only to a general surveillance. Should he become an object of suspicion, the Argus-eyes of this mysterious power are upon him everywhere. They report when he goes out and when he returns; where he visits, and whom he visits; who visits him; what letters he receives; where from; and his habits, of every name and nature, even to the number of glasses of wine he may take in the course of a day, and his very conversation. So thorough is this watch, that when Caussidière, the companion of Louis Blanc, became prefect of the police of Paris, having the curiosity to examine the reports made relative to himself, before the Revolution of February, 1848, he exclaimed with astonishment, 'Not only my actions, but my intimate thoughts!'

"How is this effected? In various ways. There are, first, the uniformed agents of the police, its external eyes, whose duties and appearance are so well known that they are easily avoided. But in avoiding Charybdis, the suspected seldom see the more dangerous Scylla, or the secret agents, whose eyes and ears are in every café, restaurant, corner, or place, where men do congregate, and under every disguise. They have as many shapes as Proteus, and as many colors as the chameleon. There is no locality, from the salon in the Faubourg St. Germain to the lowest haunt in the quarter St. Antoine, in which they cannot make themselves completely at home.

"The employes relieve each other in their watches with the regularity of sentinels. The following note from an ex-prefect of police to his successor, on finding himself incessantly followed by two police agents, got wind, immediately after the change of ministry in November last, greatly to the amusement of the people of Paris:—

"'Monsieur le Préfet, — I have the honor to announce to you, that



I leave to-morrow to have a few days' shooting in the country. It is, therefore, perfectly useless to send your agents charged to watch my house and to follow me. I will do myself the honor of informing you of my return.

Accept, &c.,

CARLIER."

*Parisian Sights*, pp. 131, 132.

In this *surveillance*, strict, suspicious, and exacting as it is, there is doubtless some good. It is protecting and preventive, a safeguard and defence. But the great importance of it, ever since its establishment by Louis XIV., and that which has given it permanence, under every form of government, has been its political powers and functions. Conspiracies are detected, dangerous persons are watched, opinions are discovered, the public pulse is felt, the press is kept under a healthful restraint. But all these so-called virtues in France are just what would make it abhorred in England or America.

"Paris has four Commissioners of Police to each of its twelve *arrondissements*, each having in charge one of the forty-eight *quartiers*." Without giving farther details of the organization of this half-political and half-sanitary hydra, it is sufficient to add, that its arms, ears, and eyes embrace all France, concentrating its knowledge and direction in one trunk, the newly-created Minister of Police, the sum of whose duties is to allow nothing to exist in France unsanctioned by the government.

"Thus, the first notice an individual may receive, that his presence can be dispensed with in '*La Belle France*,' is a brief notification, that by calling at the proper bureau, he will receive his passport. Last autumn, a simple decree of the Prefect compelled all foreigners residing in the department of the Seine to apply for permission to remain, under penalty of immediate expulsion. The object was to examine into the history of each individual; and if, in the opinion of the police, the public safety required his banishment, he was immediately sent out of the country. Several hundred were, in consequence, banished. However salutary such a purgative might be in a city like New York, our institutions require that a citizen must be considered innocent until adjudged guilty by a jury of his countrymen. Consequently we are compelled to await crime before we act. The French seek to prevent it, by placing society as much as possible out of the

risk. We punish ; they protect. It is not astonishing that each new government of France, in its turn, cherishes an institution which, in return, can give it such efficient support." *Parisian Sights*, p. 139.

We have looked, with some interest, to the judgment of so intelligent an observer on the education and the morals of the people. The results, which alone we have time to state, are not very favorable. It seems, that, in the primary schools of France, there are somewhat more than 2,300,000 pupils, supported at an annual expense of about \$1,800,000, being about seventy-five cents a head. The State of New York expends on her common schools more than \$1,400,000, an average of nearly two dollars a head. France thus educates one sixteenth of her population ; New York, one fourth. We might go on, more particularly, but the statistics would not be more favorable. It is stated that "the total number of pupils in the lyceums, colleges, and private institutions in France, for 1850, was 92,231 ; making a total of 2,424,811 children only, out of the 18,000,000 in France, receiving any degree of education." We cannot verify these figures, but they are given as if with authority.

There are two forms of education, however, for which abundant provision is made, — namely, in the higher arts and sciences, and for the army. In no country is eminent talent more readily encouraged or provided for. Nowhere are the schools of every art more accessible. Museums filled with specimens, arranged with the choicest skill, and exhibiting the latest scientific discoveries ; libraries, galleries of paintings, collections of models, are thrown open with the greatest freedom. There are prizes for discoveries, and ample rewards for successful students. The President sent 10,000 francs to Foucault, to assist him in his experiments with the pendulum. A reward of 50,000 francs has been offered to any one who should make electricity available, with economy, to the practical arts. The Institute offers annually a prize of 2000 francs for poetry and eloquence, and 10,000 francs for the best work on French history. Successful artists in the fine arts are sent to pursue their studies at Rome. In 1851, there were in Paris 1300 medical students, and 2769 students of law. The schools for the army are very thorough, and are

managed with great skill. Among them are the *École Polytechnique*, (of which those destined for the army form but a single branch,) the *École Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr*, and the *École d'État Major*, all which are particularly described by Sir Francis. The government relies upon the army no less now than in the days of Louis XIV.; and Louis Napoleon has not been neglectful of this great source of his security. Its various corps are kept in the highest state of discipline, and their sympathies retained by all possible methods.

It has been a matter of surprise to many, that the French people should so suddenly, and with such remarkable unanimity, have returned to the "Empire," after having so furiously, and without apparent cause, rushed into the experiment of a republic. Even more has it been wondered at, that they should have so generally sanctioned such barefaced violation of oaths and promises as the Prince-President did not scruple to be guilty of. A reader of their history might not be much surprised at any changes which that mercurial race might see fit to enact, and a believer in Providence would not be astonished at any thing which savored of retributive justice. But we can easily detect some of the reasons which led them so early to repent the republican experiment which they so rashly tried. One is, their evident unfitness for that form of government, which requires so much general intelligence, sobriety, and morality. All their "antecedents," — to use a word they are partial to, — are opposed to such a mode of public administration. Their tastes and habits and discipline are foreign to it. Whether it be in the innate tendencies of the Gallic race itself, so radically unlike the Anglo-Saxon, in their position, their education, their religion, — in any or all of these, from the earliest times, their progress towards freedom has not been parallel with that of England. The vicissitudes of their fortune have been abrupt and awful, but have brought with them little instruction for the nation. Why it is, that, with a literature so brilliant, with such ample intelligence among the higher classes, with the names of such statesmen and jurists as she can show upon her national roll, and of such saints and martyrs as are inscribed within her calendar, France

should yet have attained a place no higher among the nations for moral dignity, and should have accorded to her people so few civil and political privileges, is indeed a problem for the historian.\* The solution, whatever it be, cannot be given in a word. It may result, in part, from the unwise concentration of power in the hands of the monarch; from the bitter and relentless religious wars and persecutions, to which the world has hardly elsewhere afforded a parallel; from the utter want of good faith of monarch towards the people — so entire as to be openly declared by some of them as a necessary principle of government — and from a consequent distrust and hostility of the people towards the government. A king without honesty or honor, and a people without religion, are but poor elements of national security or national liberty.

But, whatever be the cause, every experiment has but made it more clear, that the people are not fitted for a republic. They do not love it; and when, in some freak, half by accident, half by design, they get one, they know not how to use or preserve it. Still another cause, however, besides the public tastes, led immediately to the Empire. It was a terrible fear of Socialism. This was, perhaps, fostered by the Emperor that would be; but there was, undoubtedly, ample cause for alarm. The bold irreligion and the atrocious doctrines of the Socialists might well excite the terrors of all to whom property, or virtue, or life were of any value. Under the freedom of the Republic, secret affiliated societies, binding themselves by the most solemn oaths, and recognizing each other by private signs and watchwords, were springing up all over France. Their fundamental principle was hatred to the “aristocrats,” by whom they meant everybody better off than themselves. Assassinations were frequent. Mothers taught their children to rejoice in the death of the rich citizens.

“A young woman of Tairnay, mother of a child but eighteen months old, was in the habit of asking him, before a circle of Socialists, ‘Tin! Tin,’ (the child being named Mathurin,) ‘what is it they will do to the aristocrats?’ The infant immediately, to the infinite satisfac-

\* This problem has been ably discussed by Sir James Stephen, in his recent Lectures on the History of France.

tion of the spectators and the tender-hearted mother, who covered him with kisses, drew his hand rapidly across his neck, to indicate that it was thus they intended to cut their throats." p. 226.

Here is a specimen of their method of initiating a novice.

"The candidate, blindfolded, knelt upon two knives crossed, and upon two five-franc pieces. He was then asked, 'Do you wish to join this society?' 'Yes.' 'Do you promise never to reveal its secrets?' 'I promise it.' 'Swear to obey all orders which may be given you, even if they prescribe to you to kill your brother.' 'I swear it.' 'What do you feel under your hands?' 'I feel two knives and two pieces of money.' 'These objects are placed there to teach you, that if the lust of money draws you to betray this society, you will be put to death.' His eyes were then unbandaged, and two of the oldest brethren seized the knives and brandished them over his head, exclaiming, 'Yes, the brother who sells our secrets will deserve death, and we will kill him!'"

It is not surprising, that, with these things, and others like them, brought before their eyes, every citizen who had any thing to lose should have desired the protection of a strong government. Nor do we see why the present Empire may not endure. But for the permanent welfare of France, there are needed elements which now seem to be almost entirely wanting — sobriety, self-restraint, and, above all, a pervading religious faith.

If we may believe our author, the extravagance of the present age in Paris is equal to any thing which the past has known, and it may be attended with results as disastrous as any that history has recorded. It is said that Louis XIV. thought his profuse and reckless expenditures advantageous to his subjects; and when solicited to relieve the mendicants at the gates of his palace, he said, "A large expenditure is the alms-giving of kings." Of the same kind are the doctrines promulgated at the present day. The chairs of Political Economy are suppressed in the colleges of France, while it is maintained that "the luxury of the rich and the expenditure of the government are essential sources of welfare to the nation at large." The moral reformer in any city in the world can find enough pollution and sin to make a picture of the darkest dye. But there is one form of vice from which Paris

has been thought tolerably free, concerning which our author gives quite a different account.

“Unhappily, there is an agent far more direct and active in the degradation of the nation, than either taxation or extravagance. No one who has made a tour of curiosity around the ‘*octroi*’ wall of Paris can have failed to make the discovery. Here, for at least three days in the week, he will find from 20,000 to 30,000 of the most dissolute of both sexes occupied in drinking and debauchery of the worst kind, in temporary liquor shops. The increase of licensed retailers of wines and spirits, throughout France, has been rapid since 1830. Then, there existed but 250,000. Now, there are upwards of 350,000, an increase of 100,000 in twenty years, and of 20,000 during the last three years, under the Republic. This augmentation has been among the lowest class of cabarets, of which there has been an increase of 70,000 within nineteen years, paying a license of only six francs each. Were Beelzebub permitted to select an agent for the demoralization of humanity, he could not find one better adapted to his purpose than that which is sanctioned by the Government of France. . . . Such evidence should destroy the common delusion, that, because light wines are cheap in France, intoxication is rare. Brandies, of the most deleterious nature, are equally cheap, and more generally used.” *Parisian Sights*, pp. 206, 207.

It is not, however, specific vices, within or without the city, that would make us most solicitous for the welfare of the nation; but the careless principles, the reckless indifference to religion, the low tone of private morality, which render every thing, in the hour of trial, insecure. Sundays are distinguished from other days only as being more entirely given up to *fêtes* and amusements. About one third of the shops are closed on that day; labor is suspended in a somewhat larger proportion. No people in the world are so fond of pleasure, none have it provided for them so freely. The Government pays one theatre \$10,000 annually towards its expenses, another, \$50,000, another still, \$176,000; while the whole cost of the primary schools of Paris is but \$250,000 a year. We believe that each civilized nation has a work to accomplish, has also a course through which it must run in its progress towards its highest civilization. For France, whatever be its present quiet exterior, we fear there is much bitter experience in store before it can attain a permanent good. Who that

looks upon her past history, more tumultuous, sanguinary, and terrible than that of any European nation, can be entirely devoid of fear for the future? Through the changes of centuries, the nation has preserved the distinctive features of its character with singular tenacity, and the phases of its history have been repeated from one generation to another. She has been long struggling, often desperately and with convulsion, to secure the boon of civil freedom; but how feeble the result compared with the effort, and how far off,—now, almost farther than ever,—the object of her desires!

We turn from both these volumes to the third upon our list, with peculiar pleasure. We leave the hot air of the city, with its artificial ways, its vice, its excitement, for the cool, calm, quiet country. It has been said, indeed, that Paris is France, and, for that reason, the provincial life has been almost entirely neglected by travellers. A traveller in England is not satisfied unless he visits the Universities and great manufacturing towns, the lakes of Cumberland and Scotland, and the country seats of the nobility. The traveller in France, generally, regrets every moment that keeps him away from the capital. Even the fine old cities of Normandy, such as Caen and Rouen,—even the once romantic region of Provence, even the old Roman remains at Lyons and Nismes,—can hardly attract his attention. Yet we are persuaded (and this unpretending but most delightful book proves it) that in the provinces of France is a field for tourists yet to be reaped. There are historical recollections to be yet again called up; pictures of life yet to be given, as thrilling, as terrible, as instructive, as the pen of poet or romancer ever gave; and the scenes to be laid, not in Paris, but about Nantes, Bordeaux, Beziers,—among the mountains of Auvergne, along the plain of Languedoc,—if there were but a French Sir Walter; if there were but an earnest and religious people on whom the narrative of martyrdoms and triumphs, the pictures of moral greatness and beauty, might have their legitimate influence.

The author of “Claret and Olives,” travelling, as he tells us, for the purpose of preparing a trustworthy series of letters on the agriculture and social state of the peasantry, for the London Morning Chronicle, and throwing off these light

sketches by the way, takes us along an unfrequented path, and in his cheerful narrative conveys much valuable information. He opens the scene at Bordeaux, about the time of the vintage, and takes us at once with him to the fields and the wine-press. Then, again, we are wandering out in the sandy, barren district, called the Landes, which stretches away southward from the Garonne. Then we follow up that river, and, after an excursion into the Pyrenees, find our way into Languedoc, and, by the canal du Midi, are brought to the Mediterranean, to Nismes, and the Rhone. We are not afraid to insure most agreeable impressions, and no little instruction, to whoever will take up the volume. It is pervaded by an admirable cheerfulness, good humor, and intelligence, and withal by that indescribable vivacity and occasional playfulness, which are indispensable in a book of travels.

Let us glance, for a moment, at the wine regions about Bordeaux. The choicest products are from localities where the properties of the soil have been determined by experience. The distance of a few rods makes all the difference between the most costly wine and the cheapest. The most famous vineyards are owned by rich proprietors, who are accused, by the peasants, of an unfair desire to depress the fame of the surrounding lands; but our author thinks these natural prejudices are unreasonable, and that, without question, the Margaux, Lafitte, and other vineyards, owe their reputation to certain elements of soil, to position, whether sunny or shady, and to various nameless circumstances, which, combined, produce the choicest flavor in the grape.

The vintage has often been the subject of the painter and the poet; and, in truth, it has real as well as imaginary elements of what is picturesque and joyous; but the gathering of the choicest grapes, like the vineyards themselves, offers little to gratify the eye or the fancy. Look at the vines, as pictured by this writer.

“Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low, fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers, or laths are cuttings of the walnut trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are



attached to the horizontally running stakes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being strained, and how things are arranged so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling; and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low, two-foot dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers. If ever you want to see a homily, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk, and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weazened, scrubby, dwarfish, expanse of snobbish bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack — these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of gray shingle through the straggling branches — these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralyzed and withered raspberries, — it is, which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably flavored wines. Such are the vines which grow Chateau Margaux at half a sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks." pp. 31, 32.

We cannot follow the description of the gayer vintage of the more common species of claret, but must leave to be imagined the songs and laughter, the rude jokes, the careless and varied costume, the moving figures of men and women, the laboring oxen, with the rude cart creaking under the weight of the tubs heaped up with the precious fruit. We will follow the tourist, however, to the primitive wine-press.

"The wine-press, or *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon wooden trestles or on a regularly built platform of mason-work under the huge rafters of

a substantial outhouse. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by tub and caskfuls into the cuvier. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole, level with the bottom of the trough, into a sieve of iron or wickerwork, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the cuvier for a brief space empty. The treaders — big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trowsers — spattered to the eyes with splashes of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades, and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad, open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful eagerness into the mountains of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping and jumping and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spirt about their feet, and rush, bubbling and gurgling, away. Presently, having, as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while, with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet. All this time, the juice is flowing in a continuous stream into the tubs beneath. When the jet begins to slacken, the heap is well tumbled with the wooden spades, and, as though a new force had been applied, the juice-jet immediately breaks out afresh. It takes, perhaps, half or three-quarters of an hour thoroughly to squeeze the contents of a good-sized cuvier, sufficiently manned. When at length, however, no further exertion appears to be attended with corresponding results, the tubfuls of expressed juice are carried, by means of ladders, to the edges of the vats, and their contents tilted in; while the men in the trough, setting-to with their spades, fling the masses of dripping grape-skins in along with the juice. The vats sufficiently full, the fermentation is allowed to commence. In the great cellars in which the juice is stored, the listener at the door — he cannot brave the carbonic acid gas to enter further — may hear, solemnly echoing in the cool shade of the great darkened hall, the bubblings and seethings of the working liquid — the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings which proclaim that a great metempsychosis is taking place — that a natural substance is rising higher in the eternal scale of

things, and that the contents of these great giants of vats are becoming changed from floods of mere mawkish, sweetish fluid to noble wine — to a liquid honored and esteemed in all ages — to a medicine exercising a strange and potent effect upon body and soul — great for good and evil. Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred — for the atmosphere about the vats is death — as if Nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret, and solemn, and awful nature — fenced round, as it were, and protected from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas? I saw the vats in the Chateau Margaux cellars the day after the grape-juice had been flung in. Fermentation had not as yet properly commenced, so access to the place was possible; still, however, there was a strong vinous smell loading the atmosphere, sharp and subtle in its influence on the nostrils; while, putting my ear, on the recommendation of my conductor, to the vats, I heard, deep down, perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if currents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working Spirit, and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil. Within twenty-four hours, the cellar would be unapproachable." pp. 43 – 45.

Agen is a little town upon the river Garonne, in the department of Lot and Garonne, which of late years has become somewhat famous, through the genius of one of its humble inhabitants, — Jasmin, the "Last of the Troubadours," as he calls himself. He is already somewhat known to us by Professor Longfellow's translation of his "Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè," and the notices of several travellers.

"Jasmin, as may be imagined, is well known in Agen. I was speedily directed to his abode, near the open *Place* of the town, and within ear-shot of the rush of the Garonne; and, in a few moments, I found myself pausing before the lintel of the modest shop inscribed, *Jasmin, Perruquier, Coiffeur de jeunes Gens*. A little brass basin dangled above the threshold; and, looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat-faced neighbor. Now, I had come to see and pay my compliments to a poet; and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and irresistibly ludicrous in having to address, to some extent in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively prosaic and unelevated a spe-

cies of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear.

“Three words explained the nature of my visit; and Jasmin received me with a species of warm courtesy, which was very peculiar and very charming — dashing at once, with the most clattering volubility and fiery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodical discourse upon poetry in general, and his own in particular — upon the French language in general, and the *patois* of it spoken in Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony in particular. Jasmin is a well-built and strongly limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head, and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy were they allowed a moment’s repose from the continual play of the facial muscles which were continually sending a series of varying expressions across the swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of all the mock-modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings or doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. ‘God only made four Frenchmen poets!’ he burst out with; ‘and their names are Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Jasmin!’ Talking with the most impassioned vehemence, and the most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, *salons*, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song, not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. You could no more write poetry in French now, than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked, and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped — (I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used) — and pranked out, and polished, and muscadined, until, for all honest purposes of true, high poetry, it was mere unavailable and contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse — for squabbling politicians in the Chambers — for mincing dandies in the *salons* — for the sarcasm of Scribeish comedies, or the coarse drolleries of Palais Royal farces; but for poetry, the French

language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were mere *faiseurs de phrase* — thinking about words, and not feeling. ‘No, no,’ my Troubadour continued; ‘to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people — a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains — a language never minced or disfigured by academies, and dictionary-makers, and journalists; you must have a language like that which your own Burns (whom I read of in Chateaubriand) used; or like the brave old mellow tongue unchanged for centuries — stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms, and odd, solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associations, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful — the language which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating men of science or jack-a-dandy *litterateurs*.’

“The above sentences may be taken as a specimen of the ideas with which Jasmin seemed to be actually overflowing at every pore in his body, so rapid, vehement, and loud was his enunciation of them. Warming more and more as he went on, he began to sketch the outlines of his favorite pieces, every now and then plunging into recitation, jumping from French to *patois*, and from *patois* to French, and sometimes spluttering them out, mixed up pellmell together. Hardly pausing to take breath, he rushed about the shop as he discoursed, lunging out, from old chests and drawers, piles of old newspapers and reviews, pointing me out a passage here, in which the estimate of the writer pleased him, a passage there, which showed how perfectly the critic had mistaken the scope of his poetic philosophy, and exclaiming, with the most perfect *naivete*, how mortifying it was, for men of original and profound genius, to be misconceived and misrepresented by pigmy whippersnapper scamps of journalists. There was one review of his works, published in a London ‘*Recueil*,’ as he called it, to which Jasmin referred with great pleasure. A portion of it had been translated, he said, in the preface to a French edition of his works; and he had most of the highly complimentary phrases by heart. The English critic, he said, wrote in the *Tintinum*; and he looked dubiously at me when I confessed that I had never heard of the organ in question. ‘*Pourtant*,’ he said, ‘*je vous le ferai voir*:’ and I soon perceived that Jasmin’s *Tintinum* was no other than the *Athenæum*.” pp. 103–106.

This barber-poet has been called the Burns of Provence and Languedoc. His songs are in all mouths, and have found their way far beyond the natural limits of the *patois* — a cross between the old French and Spanish, the author thinks — in which they were written.

We have already omitted to notice the excursion to that

singular part of France, the Landes, where the shepherds all walk on stilts ; and must pass over the rough journey to Pau, the birth-place of the greatest of French monarchs, Henri IV. We must omit all notice of the Pyrenees, of the journey through Beziers, — the scene of the most relentless and inhuman massacre of the Albigenses, where the Bishop, rejoicing in his triumph over the heretics, shouted to his soldiers to slay all, friend and foe, "*Cædite omnes, cædite ; noverit enim Dominus qui sunt ejus ;*" — and must refuse to speak of the great Canal of the South, which connects the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Mediterranean, planned by Pierre Paul Riquet, sustained by Colbert, the energetic minister of Louis XIV., of which Vauban said, "The work is absolutely perfect, with one exception — I have looked in vain for a statue of Riquet." There is an account, however, of one city, so strange, so unlike France, that we will quote as much of it as our space will allow. The traveller had been riding along a flat and marshy region towards the sea.

"Presently we saw the gray walls of Aigues-Mortes rising, massive and square, above the level lines of the marshes, fronted by one lone minaret, called the 'Tower of Constance' — a gloomy steeple-prison, where, in the time of the Camisards, a crowd of women were confined — the wives and daughters of the brave Protestants of the Cevennes, who fought their country, inch by inch, against the dragoons of Louis Quatorze, and who — the prisoners, I mean — were forced to swallow poison by the agents of that right royal and religious king, the pious hero and Champion of the Faith, as it is in the Vatican. Outside, the town looks like a mere fortification — you see nothing but the sweep of the massive walls reflected in the stagnant waters which lie dead around them. Not a house-top appears above the ramparts. It is only by the thin swirlings of the wood-fire smoke that you know that human life exists behind that blank and dreary vail of stone. We entered by a deep Gothic arch, and found ourselves in narrow, gloomy, silent streets, the houses gray and ghastly, and many ruinous and deserted. The rotten remnants of the green *jalousies* were mouldering week by week away, and moss and lichens were creeping up the walls ; many roofs had fallen, and of some houses only fragments of wall remained. The next moment we were traversing an open space, strewn with rubbish of stone, brick, and rotten wood, with patches of dismal garden-ground interspersed, and all round the dim, gray, silent houses, dismal

and dead. Aigues-Mortes could, and once did, hold about ten thousand people. It was a city built in whim by a king, the last of the royal crusaders, Louis IX. of France. By him and his immediate descendants, it was esteemed a holy place — the crusading port. The walls built round it, and which still remain — as the empty armor, after the knight who once filled it is dead and gone — were erected in imitation of those of the Egyptian town of Damietta, and all sorts of privileges were granted to the inhabitants. But one privilege the old kings of France could not grant: they could not, by any amount of letters-patent, or any seize of seals, confer immunity from fever; and Aigues-Mortes has been dying of ague ever since it was founded." pp. 200 – 201.

Its dull walls contain now but a couple of thousand people. The landlord of the quiet hotel procured for the traveller a *cicerone* of a higher order than usual in the person of M. Auguste Saint Jean, "an old, very thin man, dressed in rusty black, and wearing powdered hair and a queue."

"In company with this old gentleman I passed a wandering day in and round Aigues-Mortes, rambling from gate to gate, scrambling up broken stairs to the battlements, and threading our way amid dim lanes, half choked up with rubbish, from one ghastly old tower to another. All this while my guide's tongue was eloquent. He gesticulated like the most fiercely fidgety member of young France, and the ferret's eye gleamed as though upon a whole warren of rabbits. Aigues-Mortes seemed his one great subject, his one passion, his one idea. Aigues-Mortes was the bride of his enthusiasm, the soul of his body. He had been born in Aigues-Mortes; he had lived in it; he had had the fever in it; and he hoped to die in it, and be buried among the stilly marshes. How well he knew every crumbling stone, every little Gothic bartizan, every relic of an ancient chapel, every gloomy tower, haunted by traditions, as it might be by ghosts. His mind flew back every moment to the days of the splendid founding of Aigues-Mortes — to the crusading host, whose glory crowded it with armor, and banners, and cloth of gold, assembled round their king, St. Louis, and bound for Palestine, On the seaward side of the walls, Auguste showed me rings sunk in the stone, and to these rings, he said, the galleys and caravels of the king had been fastened. The sea is about two miles and a half distant, but the traces of the canal which led to it are still visible amid the marsh and sand, so that, right beneath the walls, upon the smooth, unmoving *aquæ mortes* — whence, of course, Aigue-Mortes — floated the fleet of the Crusade, made fast to the ramparts of the fortress of the Crusade. And so Saint Louis sailed with a thousand ships, stand-

ing proudly upon the poop, while the bishops round him raised loud Latin chants, and the warriors clashed their harness. The king wore the pilgrim's scrip and the pilgrim's shell." . . .

"We stood before a gray, massive tower — a Gothic finger of mouldering stone. 'Louis de Malagne,' said my old *cicerone*, 'a traitorous Frenchman, delivered these holy walls to our enemies of Burgundy, and the garrison of the Duke's held possession of the sacred city of Aigues-Mortes. But the sacrilege was fearfully avenged. The oriflamme was spread by the forces of the king, and the townspeople rose within the walls, and, step by step, the foreign garrison were driven back till they fought in a ring round this old tower. They fought well and died hard, but they did die — every man — always round this old tower. So, when the question came to be, where to fling the corpses, a citizen said, 'This is a town of salt; salt is the harvest of Aigues-Mortes — let us salt the Burgundians.' And another said, 'Truly, there is a cask ready for the meat,' and he pointed to the tower. Then they laid the dead men, stark and stiff, as though to floor the tower. Then they heaped salt on them, a layer two feet thick; then they put on another stratum of Burgundian flesh, and another stratum of salt — till the tower was as a cask — choke-full — bursting-full of pickled Burgundians." . . .

"Reboul, the Nismes poet — I called upon him, but he was from home — is a baker, and lives by selling rolls, as Jasmin is a barber, and lives by scraping chins. Reboul is, like M. Auguste Saint Jean, an enthusiastic lover of the poor, dying, fever-struck Gothic town. Let me translate, as well as I may, half-a-dozen couplets in which he characterizes the dear city of the Crusades. The poetry is not unlike Victor Hugo's — stern, rich, fanciful, and colored, like an old cathedral window."

"See, from the stilly waters, and above the sleepy swamp,  
Where, steaming up, the fever-fog rolls grim, and gray, and damp :  
How the holy, royal city — Aigues-Mortes, that silent town,  
Looms like the ghost of Greatness, and of Pride that's been pulled down.  
See how its twenty silent towers, with nothing to defend,  
Stand up like ancient coffins, all grimly set on end;  
With ruins all around them, for, sleeping and at rest,  
Lies the life of that old city, like a dead owl in its nest —  
Like the shrunken, sodden body, so ghastly and so pale,  
Of a warrior who has died, and who has rotted in his mail —  
Like the grimly-twisted corpse of a nun within her pall,  
Whom they bound, and gagged, and built, all living, in a wall."

pp. 203 – 207.



They wandered all over the little melancholy place, and finally mounted to the lantern of the lighthouse for a last comprehensive look of sea and marsh, lagoons and sand-hills.

“‘Is it not beautiful?’ murmured Auguste; ‘I think it so. I was born here. I love this landscape—it is so grand in its flatness; the shore is as grand as the sea. Look, there are distant hills’—pointing to the shadowy outline of the Cevennes—‘but the hills are not so glorious as the plain.’

“‘But neither have they the fever of the plain.’

“‘It is God’s will. But, fever or no fever, I love this land—so quiet, and still, and solemn—ay, monsieur, as solemn as the deserts of the Arabs, or as a cathedral at midnight—as solemn, and as strange, and as awful, as the early world, fresh from the making, with the birds flying, and the fish swimming, on the evening of the fifth day, before the Lord created Adam.’” p. 209.

Although tardy in noticing these volumes, we may not be too late for some of our readers, and, after our liberal extracts, need not assure them of the ample material they contain for serious reflection as well as for amusement.

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ART. VI.—*Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence of THOMAS MOORE.* Edited by the RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL. With Portraits and Vignette Illustrations. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 12mo.

THE life of Thomas Moore depends as much on the light in which we view it as one of Mr. Banvard’s three-mile panoramas; indeed, it would make no bad panorama of moderate length, if, in the progress of the age towards labor-saving, it should become fashionable to show up celebrated people in that way. As in the moving show of the Pilgrim’s Progress, we see, without much shocking an instinctive sense of the *vraisemblable*, Christian setting out from his doomed city, tumbling into the Slough of Despond; laying hold on the first hand that offered itself to get out again; toiling up the Hill Difficulty, beset with lions; entertained at the House